

Motel Blues

[Mike Zito](#)

In this town, television shuts off at two
What can a lonely rock 'n' roller do?
Bed so big, the sheets are clean
You're girlfriend said you were nineteen
The Styrofoam ice bucket's full of ice
Come up to my motel room and treat me nice
I don't wanna make no late night New York calls
I don't wanna stare at those ugly grass mat walls
Chronologically I know you're young
But when you kissed me in the club you bit my tongue
I'll write a song for you and put it on my next LP
Come up to my motel room and sleep with me
There's a Bible in the drawer, don't be afraid
I'll put up a sign to warn the cleanup maid
There's lots of soap and lots of towels
Never mind those desk clerk scowls
I'll buy you breakfast, they'll think you're my wife
Come up to my motel room and save my life

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